



The pleasaunt playne and py-

thy Patheway leadynge
to a vertues and honest lyfe,
no lesse profytable,
then delecta-
ble.

U. L.

Imprynted at London by Nico-
las Hyll, for John Case, dwel-
lynge at the sygne of the
Baule, in Baules chur-
che parde.



Ye that in youthe despyze to knowe
A good ware for to take,
Wherby to riches ye myght growe,
And ydlenes to forsake,
This lytle boke wyth dyligence
Se that ye reade and marke,
Thoroughly notyng the good sence
Contayned in this warke,
By thy precepts you shall here fynde,
Ryghte pleasaunte for to reade,
Whereof perchaunce some youth are blynde,
And thercof shall haue nede,
Do not therefore despyse this boke
Because it goeth in ryme,
For they that on this boke doth loke,
Shall fynde the matter fyne.

The preface.



Spynge gyftes are not so muche to be valued for the price of them as they are to be esteemed for the good entente of the gener (mooste gentyll reader) my small labours and trauayle herein bestowed (wherbye I frelpe geue thee) I shal humblye besyche thee to take in good parte, wherein althoughe the matter be not in euerye popule so exquisitely handeled as my good wyl and seale coulde haue wyshed it, yet I do nothyng at all mystruste but that ye wyl wyth fauoure beare wyth me, and rather frendlye wycke at the faultes yf there be anye, then spytefullye as carpers at other mennes doynges seke occasyon to dyspraise the same, for asmuche as the hole effect thereof treateth of nothyng but of good and holsoime counsailes enterlaced wyth pleasant mirth and honesty, to yowth no lesse right profytable then necessarye.

Zicurgus, who for his graunte and excellent wysedome gaue lawes vnto the Lacedimonians, amongest his other laudable and seruyouse statutes, dyd institute and ordayne a certayne kynde of exercyse, at the wherbye the elders wherbye had bozne rule in the common wealth, dyd commonly mete there, to passe the tyme wyth pleasaunte talke and wyttie tales, but suche as were alwayes eyther profytable to the commendacion and prayse of honestye, or els to the detestynge and rebukynge of vyces, because he perfectlye well consydered that it was a thyng mooste nedefull and requyset sometyme wyth suche goodlye recreation to refreshe the weakenyd powers of the mynde, that it myghte be thereby the more freshe and apte to compasse and accomplyshe other more wayghtye assayes. I omytte other probable auctorities wherbye I myghte nowe woorthelye byynge herein, to declare that this lytle wooke is not to be resected althoughe after a number of pythye preceptes there foloweth a merye inuented matter placed therein onely to quyen the spyrytes and to auoyde tedynousnesse. And who is so ignorant, but that he well vnderstandeth that youthe commonly taketh more delectacion in redyng those thynges which in his age requyeth then in grane sentences cerrounlye pronounced. Yet here shall he learne yf he rede it wyth bylgence bothe howe to leade a quyet and godly lyfe in the feare of God, and also to exhue the assautes of synne and daungers of the world,

Apleasaunte Pathe waye

woulde, vnto this byttell age, (I saye) therefore I haue
wrytten this, and not the prudente well tryen in yeres,
whose experience perchaunce hath sufficiently taught,
and who haue alreadye passed the daungerous
rockes, and swallowinge quicke sandes of this
troublesome wylde. My honest meanyng
therefore gentyll reader, herin, yf thou
thankfullste receyue, I shall here
after be the more willinge to
take some paynes in other
mattiers. And so I
wytteether wel to
the.

“

“

“

(?)

“

“

“

A pleasaunte Pathewaye



I chaunced that on the
eleuenth daye:
Of the Maye Moneth, of
lusty Maye,
When Titan, into Taurus, hys
enterpe began,
And the younge blonde, of euery
creature than,
Kened hys strength, and powers
byd reuiue.

So that eche thyng nowe, appeared on lyue,
Whiche in the colde wynter, before,
Had sustayned, Solus hys blastes sore,
And that the waterpe snowes, had them so tozme,
Because, of the vehement rage, of Capricorne.
Whiche colde cloude mykes, once paste theyr waie,
Eche thyng, reuealed agayne colde age, in hys araye,
And because the sharpe colde, hys malice had done,
The Mavis endeuoured her selfe, first, her notes to tune.
Next after, the pleasaunt Nightingale, tempered her voyce,
Whiche to her mery melody, euery heart, both greatly reioyce,
The Thrush, the Blackebird, and the Grenefinche also.
In this mery springe tyme, byd thewe what they coude do,
And then also, the Sunne springe berpe hote,
Caused the crabbed Cockowe, to declare her olde note,
In this frethe tyme, (I saye) for my recreation,
Into the woodes I walked, to take delectacion,
Aswell for to heare, the ioyfull byrdes syng,
As also to beholde, howe euery thyng byd springe,
And thewe them selues, agayne, aloue in theyr kynde,
That in the wynter, were bare, and naked, to the rinde
Eche tre budded, and hys leaues gan to sprede,
Eche herbe had hys floures, in euery grene mede,
The Primrose, the Violet, were then in their prime,
And the swete smellyng courdoppe, doished at this tyme,
The Hawthorne, the Cheritre, and the Damaskigne,
And eche Aple tre blomed, declaryng good signe,
That yf God their swete blossomes, wolde vouchesafe to saue,
Great store of fruite, of them we shoulde haue,
And thus goynge alone, vnder the woode syde.
A saye aged man, I thortelye espyde,

A. l.

And

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

And euen straght after me, he came a softe pace,
I stayed a lytle therewith, thynckinge in this case,
Thys olde man semeth, a man of grauitie,
And therfore I wolde be very glad, of hys companye.
In thys stayinge a whyle, at last he ouertoke me,
And with verie graue countenaunce, saluted me gentlye,
And with salutation, agayne I byd hym grete,
As to my duetye, I thoughte it moste mete.
Good father (and yf it please you) sayde I,
Tell me, howe farre your iourney, this way doeth lye,
And yf the same lye, anye thinge neare,
I wyl be very glad, you companye to beare,
For I haue, at thys tyme, lytle to do,
And woulde therfore, learne, some good counsaile of you.
And because it is so, I am younge, and frayle,
And not as yet instructed, with wholsome counsaile,
My lyfe to directe, in tyme for to come,
Good lessons, of you, I woulde learne some.
Wherby might cause me, for you, hereafter to praye,
When I shall folowe the same, an o:her daye,
Gentle sonne, (quod he) the trouth to declare,
About foure myles hence, my iourney is to fare,
And because I am aged, and maye not well go,
I take the mornynge with me, for it behoueth me so,
And backe agayne to nyght, homeward, wyl I, yf I can,
Myne myle a daye, is a great iourney, for an aged man,
Wherewith, I remembred my selfe, by and by,
And behelde the Sunne shyne, so gladsomely,
Cleare was the skye, and lightsome was the ayre,
And also the waye, semed very fayre,
My busynes, in dede (quod I) father, lyeth thre myle and moze,
Along that waye, which ye must go, and therfore,
I wyl goe with you softly, and make no great haste,
For it requireth none, and this furth on we passe,
God thanke you younge man, sayde he: that ye are so kynde,
Sinces ye wyl goe with me, and not leaue me behynde,
And because your good wyl is, some wisedome to lere,
The best counsaile I can geue, ye shall here,
And I wyl gladly, geue you the herynge (quod I)
Therfore when it shall please you, saye on by and by.
First good sonne, ye must to me make playne,

Where

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Where is your dwellynge, and where ye remaine,
What state ye are of, and of what disposition,
And wherunto your mynde is geuen, in every condicion,
Also what is your name, ye muste to me shewe,
And whether ye are syngle, or married I woulde knowe,
Besore, I can shewe you, my good aduise,
Or in any thyng prudently, instructe you otherwys.
Truely (quod I) my dwellynge, is not farre hence,
And to a worthye gentle man, of great reuerence,
Late seruaunt I was, but he is now deceased,
Wherfore of scrupce, I am clearely released,
And touchynge myne age, I am younge it appears,
As yet not passynge, one and twenty yeres,
Mine laue truely, most men call myne name,
Also single, and vnmarrid, as yet I remaine,
Well then, I perceyue (quod he) ye are yet yonge ynough,
In vertue to begynne, and so leade your lyfe throughe,
And also at libertie, and without a wyfe,
Nor as yet aduicte, to any one kynde of lyfe,
Further as farre, as I maye or geue can,
Ye were lately as it were, a scrupnge man,
Nowe whether it be, your mynde, and your wyll,
In the trade of scrupce, to continue still,
Or leaue of the same, and by some other meane,
To seke otherwayes, your lininge to sustayne,
Thys also to knowe, I earnestly require,
Or els, I can no waye, satisfie your desire,
In good sayth (sayde I) so mote I thriue,
A seruaunt I haue bene, aboute yeres fye,
And cruelly haue serued to my power,
Since into seruite, I entered the fyrst hower,
Wherin, there is so great, trouayle, and payne,
At moste tymes, and so very lytle gayne,
And at other tymes also, ydlenes so greate,
Doinge nothyng, but settinge, in the selues, and create,
Wherin, also there is muche great exercise,
Almoste, of euery maner, and kinde of vice,
Bothe pride, brackennesse, and also swearynge,
By abhominable orbes, God him selfe tearpnge,
Suche quarrellynge, fighting, and other abhominacion,
Wherof, I coulde make, vnto you true relation,

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

¶ If it were not odible, for you to heare,
As the experience thereof, playnlye doeth appeare,
That I intende, vtterlye, the same to refuse,
And some other, moze godly state, of luyngge to chuse,
Wherin I may, spende my tyme, moze honestlie,
And in the feare of God, lyue moze quietlie,
Without doubt (quod he) thou hast sayde trulpe,
For besydes, the foresayde noughtenesse, plentye
When a man hath, serued, a great tyme,
¶ If he haue done, neuer so litle a cryme,
Awaye he muste, there is none other remedy,
Thus, is he put, to hys whistes, by and by,
And put case, that he in seruyce continue,
¶ Untyll age come, that he can no moze doe,
Then is he caste of, either to begge hys breade,
Or in miserie, to lyue, tyll tyme he be deade,
And euer moze commonlye, it is sene and harde.
¶ Thys to be, of miserable seruyce, the rewarde.
And to serue anye man, in the court of renowne,
¶ You see, howe soone, they be by, and downe,
But if it shoulde chaunce you, as it doeth, to verpe setwe,
¶ He shoulde, so in your matters sauoure, hap to growe,
That he myght by some office, or other waye,
Get you any good luyngge, some one daye,
Whiche is but a chaunce, and fortune ye maye it call,
For they gape them selurs, for euerie windesfall,
Then shall he thynke you, swyl to hym bounde,
¶ So longe as ye are luyngge, on the grounde,
And if it chaunce hym hereafter, the lawe to haue offended,
¶ You also beynge hys man, are lyke to be apprehended,
Then haue ye well, and saye fished in dede,
¶ Your ryngge, was then, in moze haste, then good speede,
And some, wise men see commonlye, suche luyngge to seke,
Whiche is first so harde to come by, and after so il to kepe.
¶ Wherfore, to applye thy yowth, no moze in it,
I can not chuse, but greatlye allowe, thy wyl,
¶ Nowe then (quod he) further, what other vocation,
Serueth thy mynde thee, or to what occupacion,
To get thy luyngge, either by trade of marchaundise,
Or by some handye crafte, or arte otherwise.
¶ No (sayde I) in marchaundise, I haue no swyll,

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Now to spende my tyme, therein I wyll,
For as muche, as the same, is ruled by chaunce,
Also, sence I am ignoraunte therof, howe can it me auance,
And he that by marchandise, wyll get hym luyng,
Nedeth bothe good credit, and a stocke at the begynnynge,
But in me lacketh bothe, for stocke haue I none,
And because I was once a scrupnge man, my credit is gone,
Fewe merchautes wyll truste, any of that race,
Althoughe it were neuer in so honest a case,
Besydes that, I must swere, perioure, and lye,
If I wyll, byng and sellynge occupie,
My wares, must be nowe and then, also counterfet,
If I intende, by them, anye gayne to get,
Throughe which I shall, displease God, and synne,
Thus doynge, I shall, a sayre threde synne,
I wyll rather dispise, suche unhappye wyngynge,
As wyll byng me to hell, at the first begynnynge,
You saye well, (quod he) and besydes all thys,
To be a marchaunt, sonne, another thynge there is,
For many marchautes, of late in thys lande,
Haue bene vndone, and brought behynde hande,
Whiche neuer coulde, after agayne aryle,
Suche is the byttell state, of marchaundise,
Also, sayde I, in any other handye crafte, or science,
Trulye to confesse, I haue none entelligence,
And thoughte I had, yet is the woorld, nowe in suche penury,
That almoste no kynde of crastes man, can lyue therby
All kynde of thynge, are nowe woren so dere,
That the lyke hath not bene sene, thys manye a yere,
I wyll tell you, (quod he) sence tyme, I was borne,
And I shall be iuste. lxxx. yere olde, come to mozte,
Was neuer, suche misery, necessitie, and nede.
Amongest eche estate, in euerye stede,
As is euen nowe, at thys presente daye,
For though, diuerse tymes past, as I saye
Come hath bene, as dere, here before,
Yet of all other thynge, we had plentye and store,
But nowe, the price of all thynge, hath lepte, suche a leape,
That nother, fode, clothing, nor any other thing, is good cheape.
In whome the faulte is, trulye I can not tell,
But I woulde to God, that all thynge were well,

A pleasaunte Parhebye

And I tell you younge man, in good earnest,
I heartely thanke, my redeemer Christ,
That my dooze head, is so neare vnto the grane,
My miserie, shalbe the morter, that I seile, and haue,
But concernynge, our firste communication,
It seemeth, your mynde is, to none occupacion,
What then, haue ye good learnynge, any whitte,
Perchaunce, to be a priest, ye thyncke your selfe fitte,
And surely (quod he) if your callinge be so wel,
Then ye do amisse, neuer a del,
For to preache, truely Gods worde, and be a minister,
If your callinge be therunto, ye can not do better,
Certaynlye (quod I) my learnynge is but small,
And to great a matter, it is, for me to medle withall,
Well learned he shoulde be, and of Gods callinge,
That shoulde occupie, the place of preachynge,
But I am bothe verpe vnlerned truelye,
And also farre vnmete, that place to occupie,
You saie wllk (quod he) for ye myght, worke your selfe wo,
If ye woulde attempte, in at the windowe to go,
Or leape ouer the theperce, not called by God,
So might you make, for your owne taylor a rod,
With almightie God (sonne) is not good, to playe,
For he may not, be dallied with, by no waye,
Ye might therby, heape Gods vengeance, to you, for your hast,
And eternall dampnation, perchaunce, at the last,
To be a lawier, then (quod he) perchaunce, is thy desire,
Therby, thou thynkest, to great ryches, to aspire,
Not so (quod I) for some learnynge, I doe lacke,
Nor neuer, of Sophistrie, or Logike, had the smache,
By whiche standeth the chiefest, and principall poynte,
As of that, pleadinge science, the best ioynte,
All thinges considered, I mynde not that art.
Nor euer, hither, coulde it stande with my harte,
Certaynlye, sayde he, the lawe is good, if it be well vsed,
But nowe, the iustice, of the ryght lawe, is somewhat abused,
And manye of their risynge, is by extortion,
Wherby, they clyme, to haue, of riches, such port'on,
And through the same, they almoste are growne, to like oblique,
As the Clergie, at the first sal, were wont to be,
And not without a very bent cause,

They

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

They doe, some without right, so wth the, & wth the lawes,
And (sonne) in my iudgement, to be playne,
Much of thei^r lawe, tendeth to thei^r owne gayne.
Wel, then I thinke, ye wyl beyonde the sea go,
Your yowth in learning, to occuppe so,
For south (quod I) of al the rest I fynde
That this most pleasynge, to my mynde,
If so it were, my livinge woulde extende,
There to kepe me, two or thre yea^rs to an ende,
Wherby I myght, though it were to my payne,
Se countreyes, and some knowledge obtayne,
But he that goeth thither, without a good purse,
Goeth out of Goddes blessinge, into hys curse,
It is good, for such men, to go ouer truelye,
As entende, the kinges embassatours to be,
His graces waightie affaires, there for to do,
But I am not lyke, to come therto
The truelye for to say, and to be playne,
Since there is so much basarde, and so small gayne,
I am not as yet, mynded in thys case,
To seke my hyppynge, in so farre a place,
Therefore (quod the aged man) I agre,
For if ye lacke there, ye shal fall in great miserie,
And litle bo^teth, you ther, to serue anye man then,
For they are all, other flawes, or gentle men,
Further (sayde he) what wilt thou then applie,
To lyue in the countreye, by thy lande or annuities,
As perchaunce thou hast, which I doe not knowe,
Tel me, that I may, thee, my best counsaile shewe,
I haue not (quod I) muche livinge truelye,
But that which I haue, lyeth in the countreye,
Wherupon, I wyl, if God hys helpe sende,
Quietly liue, and there my life ende,
Nowe I perceave (quod he) thine hole entente,
In aringe thee, questions, this time haue I spent,
Therefore nowe I wyl shewe thee, in al that I can,
My counsaile, how thou mayest best p^{ro}ue, an honest man,
Say on (quod I) let vs no lenger tyme walke,
For since we began, a good way haue we past,
My sonne (sayde he) thou seemest verie wise,
That in thys last case, thy selfe dost aduise,

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

First God, and godly thynges, I wyl to thee preache,
And after in worldly thynges, to my power I wyl thee teache.

TH E principallest thyng, wherin thou muste entende,
Is to haue good respecte, alwayes to the ende,
Wherfore, and why, God thee dyd create,
And howe, he hath appoynted thee, and in what estate,
For to thende, of thy fyist creation,
Directe thy lyfe, in every condicion,
Sonne, God brought thee, into the worlde here,
For two good causes, as it shall appere,
Fyist, to geue hym thanckes, laude, honour, and glozie,
And euer more, to prayse hys eternall maiestie,
Aswel, for that it pleased hym, thee to forme and make,
And al thynges earthly, to create for thy sake,
As also, for that, when thou were lost, by Adams gylte,
He woulde not, of hys meare mercy, see thee spilde,
But sent hys deare sonne, from hys hygh trone,
Into thys wretched worlde, to redeme vs every one,
Where, he toke vpon hym, our nature frayle,
In the blessed virgens wombe, for our auayle,
And then, here in earth, vs thirty yeres taughte,
By his worde, and miracles, which he wondrously wroughte,
And at last, on the crosse, suffred hys bitter passion,
Onely to redeme vs, and to obtayne cleane remission,
Whiche, his mercy, if it had not bene the greater,
We had remayned, dampned soules, and no better,
For thys cause, we are bounde him alwayes to prayse,
For from death, synne, and hel, he agayne, dyd vs rayse,
Therefore, him to prayse, praye vnto, & worship with feare,
Thys, stedfastly, in thy mynde, see that thou beare,
For it is the chiefest poynt, of vertue, to laude, and knowe,
The creation, of men, and al thynges, that growe,
Without thys, other vertues, are nothyng regarded,
In lackynge, thys pittie, thou shalt be lytle rewarded,
For thys, to all vertues, is the centre ful playne,
Hence, by prayer onely, eche good thyng, of God we obtayne.

TH E other cause, why God thee byther broughte,
Was, that thou shouldest, in worde, worke, and thoughte,
Alwayes endeuour, thy selfe to thy power,

Hys

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Hys holpe commaundementes, to obaye, every houre,
Whiche becaufe, I thinke, thou doest sufficientely knowe,
It nedeth not me, to repete them, on a rowe,
For these two causes, specially, my dere sonne,
God, into the worlde, caused thee, to come,
These firme foundations, fixed, once in thyne harte,
Then iustice rightely to embrace, see thou doe thy parte,
Suffering no man, to sustayne, any iniury by thee,
Nor to hurt any creature, by dede, or worde, see thou see,
And so do, to other men, of eche estate, and degree,
As thou wouldest, haue all men, shoulde do vnto thee,
For this lawe, of dame Nature, every other lawe, doth excell,
Which, yf thou obserue not, in every poynt, well,
Trust me truly (good sonne) bothe the Lorde, thou shalt offende,
And in heauen, haue no habitation, at thy lyues ende,
Further, any man, for hys honour, his goodes, or good name,
Beware, thou hate, not by malice, or disdayne,
Also be circumspecte, that neither byibes, hate or loue,
Thy heart, from equitie, and iustice, do remoue,
For these thre thynges, we see, so blindeth many mens sighte,
That their iudgementes, and doinges, are contrary, to righte,
But thou (my sonne) remembre, that once thou shalt die,
And for these dedes, yf thou do them, be punished, eternallie,
Also, the wicked thirstinge, riches to obtayne,
And the vngodly coueting, of siluer, golde, and other gayne,
Se thou also extue, for where couetousnes, doth raygne,
There al kynde of wickednes, of force must remayne,
Impietie, periurie, rapine, and cheyunge,
Fraude, craft, and discreate, with lecherous luyunge,
Quarellunge, & treasons, with murders, and kyllunge,
For landes, treasures, and goodes, many men, spillunge,
Finallie, no filthier thyng is there, or more detestable I say,
Then a man to be couetouse, by any maner of way,
For whoso to that vile vice, is once geuen,
To the blynde Mole, I maye him wel lyken,
Which neither loueth, desireth, or any way knoweth,
Any other thyng, then in thys bayne worlde, groweth,
The wretche doth not see, howe shorte and howe fragile,
The life of man is, and howe deare, doth vs assaile,
Daylye ready, to strike vs, his bolwe being bente,
With his deadly, doubtfull darte, then is to late, to repente,

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

He nother spareth, the younge, the olde, or any degre,
The riche, the learned, or the man in auctorytie,
The Lawer, the Landlorde, or the lacking pooze man, & wepeth,
But withoute any difference, he euery man stryket,
And he is oft tymes nerest vs, we bailie doo see,
When we mooste thinke him, furthest of too bee,
But then (my sonne) these worldie ryches here,
And these vaine goodes, subiecte, to blinde fortunes power,
Doo lytill esteeme, nor moche soz them care,
For these thynges, are none of thyn, whatsoeuer they are,
Which either, vnsfable fortune, hir pleasure too fulfill,
Dooth geue, graunte, and plucke awaye, at hir variable will,
Or which, when thou dyest, will no lenger abyde,
But to seke them newe maisters, alwaye soudainly thei doo
There bee other goodes, which thou oughtest too acquyre, (saye
And moche better ryches, thou shouldest desyre,
Which with thee alwayes will remaine, and endure,
Of whom neither fortune, nor death, hath power be thou sure
These, ought thou too heape vp, for the night and daye,
Then, in dede arte thou happie, and riche, euery waie,
As for the reste, which the commo people, followe, and magnifie,
If thou haue them, as landes, goodes, catailles, or monye,
Lamfullie vse the same, no man can soz bide thee,
But thou oughtest to vse them, with Justice, and modestie,
And also when thou maist, pytie the pouertie,
And neuer shutte thine eares, at the crye of the nedie,
For who so with compassion, wil not hear, the crieng of the pooze
Shal crye him self, and not be heard, I am sure,
By releuynge the pooze, thou laiest vp in stooze,
A treasure, in heauen, to continue euermore,
Which neither cance can corrupte, neither theue, them couale,
Thus heauely treasure, for worldly trides, & shalt haue another
No man he is, but a Wolfe, that clemencie lacketh, (saye
And which, at other mens myserie, no pitie taketh,
Or that, refuseth too helpe, his fellowe seruaunte here,
Seinge wee are all seruautes, to one Lord, and maister,
But if it shall happen the (I saye) a pooze man too bee,
With patient hearte, beare, and sustaine, the pouertie
For the man, that hath moche, wee alwaye well see,
Is troubled, and tossed, with cares, aboundauntlie,
Also he, to whom fortune, hath of goodes geuen stooze,
In daungers

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

The hote basty: heats, beginneth to aswage,
Then after folly, solowey, crownyng, frowarde, repentaunce,
With sorow, and shamefastnes, bringing great greuaunce,
Therfore busily beware of it, and thy mynde so moderate,
Tha: this soule vyce, in thy corage, thou diligently abate,
Patience, is a vertue, of a wonderful strength,
And obtayneth, the victorie, of eche thing at length,
The which godly gyft, who so euer doth wante,
In hym all goodnes, and grace, of force, must be scante,
And cruel he must nedes be, and also to strife, ful prone,
Which is not the nature, of man, but of beastes alone,
The prudent, and good, seeketh chiefly for praisse,
And fearing greater mischiefs, wyll beare with the lesse,
Lest, that a lytle sparke, might encrease such a flame,
That great peopl it were, agayne, to quenche the same,
Be that nothing wyll suffre, nor his waywarde wyath restryne,
Must see, the company, of al men we see playne,
And dwel alone, in the wodes, or mountaynes on hye,
Where no man, may trouble hym, nor he no body,
But he, that wyll frequent, and dwel amongst men,
Must learne, to suffer, dyspleasures, now and then,
And byrde his surfe, dissemblynge his pye,
And in his secreete best, quenche the hote fyre,
Nor in any wyle may, for euery lyght offence,
Violate the bondes, of peace, and patience,
But asmuch as he can, forgeue other men,
That he offendynge in lyke case, may be also forgeuen,

Further, Gloton ye to extue, be euer circumspecte,
Which with diuerse diseases, þe minde, and body both infecte,
Besydes shortenynge mans lyfe, it consumeth his wealth,
Unwarely, as it were, him robbynge by stealth,
For dainties, are dere, and dilicates, be costely,
Swallowing by cleane, great riches, quickly,
Some men, very rich, by prodigal superfluite,
Haue in shorte time, deuoured their patrimoine,
Dailly pourynge in their bellies, both house, goods, and lande,
Tyll pouertie them pinchech, and they ar broughte behande,
I haue knowen, very many, I tel the good some,
That by lasciuious rvyete, haue bene viterly vndone,
Thou must eate (I saye) thy lyfe onely to sustayne,

B. iiij.

And

A pleasaunte Pathe waye

And not lyue, to eate, this is most playne,
Ebyete and bzunchennes, is also excelles brother,
For in whome, rayneth the one, there is also the other,
This likewyse must thou be, yf thou loue thy welfare,
Of al other the samr, is the most detestable snare,
He that this wicked byce, hath once embraced,
All goodnes in him, is clearly defaced,
Reason then refaleth hym, and he is left too his wyll,
Al synnes haue free entraunce, him then for too spyll,
Good sonne, I haue sayd many yeres past,
That great Alexander in his bzunchennes comaunded in hast,
His most deare and familiare frendes to be slayne,
By whose helpe and good counsaile as it is inoost playne,
He had the hole world conquered, who beyng thus dedde,
And slepe had expulsed ebyetie out of Alexanders hedde,
He then so lamented their deathes in wepyng bytterlye,
That he was redy for very angurthe to dye presentlye,
Oh fylthy ebyetie, the destroyer of the soule,
Oh noyther of byces, and iniquities all,
What thing is it, but thou forrest mannes harte, to fulfyll,
Wherby he wareth bolde, too attempt all that is yll,
Quarellynge, stryfe, cruel fraies, thou doest moue,
Neyther, regardynge discrecion, honest frendship, or loue,
Through the counsaile is opened, and secrettis reueled,
The tongue is not then hable, too kepe the same closed,
Flee this byce, my sonne, in all that thou maye,
Least it growe, from custome, too nature another daye,
The tongue also, thou must learne too moderate,
And be well ware, what thou speakest early and late,
Be euermore wyllynge, attently too heare,
But speake seildome, as nede shall require,
Aboundaunce of talke, is a great sygne of follye,
And the busye babler, offendeth continuallye,
He that seildome talketh, and then speaketh wylfelye,
Is worthy much prayse, and approueth too be wittie,
One principal point, obserue in thy communication,
Whether they be presēt, or absent, w thy words hurt no man,
No: except it tende too some purpose, speake thou any thing,
Leasse men laughe the too scoone, for thy bablyng,
Rather holde thy peace, and be euer silent,
It hurteth not, neyther shall it thee repent,

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

In daunger, and perill, he remaineth euermore,
Experience both teach vs, and we see every daye,
Some mans landes, and ryches, too be their castynge away,
It is no netwe thyng, to see this abusion,
That dyuerse mennes wealthes, haue bene theyr confusion,
Also riche men, are to the burde of their goodes so bozne downe,
That they haue no minde, to seke, after the celestial mansion,
For the more, a man despyeth, riches, and earthly gayne,
So much the harder, it is, for him, too heauen to attayne,
For looke, where a mans treasure is layde,
There is also hys harte, it can not bee denyed,
Therefore, pouertye, to some persons, is profitable,
Disburdenynge them, of mischeffes innumerable.

¶ **A**ll **P**ride, of thee, is to be abhored no lesse,
Beyng of stryfe, and debate, the mother, and mistresse,
By this, the lawes, are neglected, and the common welth spyled,
And innumerable people, this vayne pryde, hath kyled,
With this pestilence, the famous Rome being once popsoned,
By cruell warre, and oppression, was bitterly destroyed,
This monstrous helhound, by alway see thou see,
If thou wilt with almyghty God, lyue eternallye,
For God, in the lowly, and meke, taketh delectacion,
And in the humble spirites, glady hath his habitation,
Them also, he fauoureth, that are voyde of ambition,
And the proud, swellynge people, he bringeth to confusion,
Therefore ye people, putt by with pryde, what profyteth you,
Your pride, high names, and vayne styles, forged netwe,
Which death, doth confounde, and bringeth in subiection,
Your ambitious tytels, of so great a renowne,
Some will perchaunce say, the common people, we will please,
In couetynge of them, therfore to haue our prayse,
Tel me (I praye you) what is the iudgement, of the multytude,
We shall perceaue many tymes, they doo mocke and delude,
Or elles speake of affection, as some tyme, namynge them wyse,
Which are perchaunce, very fooles, rightly to surmyse,
And though, the ignoraunt we mocke, God can we not deceaue,
Naye, he rather berpeth vs by our leaue,
For he knoweth our maners, and our dedes, most secrete,
And for them worthe to punyssh vs he wil not forget,
But many, are so blynde, that in their owne thoughte,

W. ll.

They

4

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

They beleue, there is no God, & that there remaineth nought
Of any man, the breathe, beyng once expired,
Therfore, the present iopes, of this lyfe, they haue euer despyed,
And do dayly wythe soz, veridynge the blisse to come,
Dane not they bestial heartes, vnder mans shap and forme,
We seke after ryches our pryde too mayntayne,
Oure lyfe vaneely spendynge to seke a synfull gayne,
We ponder not the scaylpe of our wretched state,
We se not death dayly redy, our pryde to abate,
We are so contentlesse from mooste unto leaste,
That in oure vocation we neuer can reste,
We elpe in wooldy thynges blynde fortunes gouernance,
Ruled not without reason at hir owne wil and pleasaunce,
As we se the dothe, then all thynges should be wel,
The lawes, and iustice, should hoyshe, and tyranny expel,
But since almighty God, suffereth such thynges to be done,
Who if it pleased hym, coude amende al right soone,
Why should we grutch, to suffer the same,
To repyne, at Gods wyl, we are greatly to blame,
Wherfore, wysedom willeth wyse men, euer to be patient,
And taking al thynges, as it cometh, to be content,
But thou (my sonne) endenour thy selfe, in al that thou can,
Blynde fortune to dyspyr, and the vayne praysse of man,
Onely studie thou dayly, by al maner of wayes,
With vertuose luyng, the Lord for to please,
For true honour, and praysse, thou canst not obtayne,
Untyl after this lyfe, in heauen thou remaine,
Whiche the good, and iuste, shal enioy there,
That with humblenes, and mekenesse, haue led their lyfe here,

ALSO, I charge thee, thyne angre to suppress,
And the vyle rage, of ire, which causeth great busynesse,
Wherby, woorketh wo, and much mischief we see,
Furwe, maketh scapes, and then of necessity,
Foloweth wyde woundes, hurtes and other mayne,
In which bluddy bickeringes, oft tymes some men are layne,
For the mynde of man, beyng once, incensed with ire,
Is so blyndely opprest, with that rage, ragynge fyre,
That it neyther can beholde, or iudge any thyng a right,
Reason then ruleth not, and wit hath lost his myght,
When after once beyng past, such furiose rage,

The

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Too haue bene quiet, and still, but experience teacheth,
That the talkatiue person, oft to his paine repenteth,

IN ALL my sonne, a nother thing ther is,
Which I haue not to the yet, reherled pwp,
That about all the rest, thy lyfe will deface,
If in youth too repress it, thou haue not the grace,
That is the wanton desyres, of the bodie frayle,
With this thy best age, will violentlie assaile,
The lewd lusters wherof, see that thou see,
And brydle thou them, before they blind thee,
Ther is no thing too vertue, soo cleane contrarye,
As is the wicked concupiscence, of the bodie,
Wher vertue too the heauens, strueth too assende,
Wyle luste, vaine pleasures, onlie doth attende,
Lokinge alwaies, as a beast too the earth grouelinge,
The liuelie spites, both of the minde, and bodie distroyinge,
The deuill taketh manie, with his hooke and snare,
Like a craftie fore, no trauell doth he spare,
So he may withhold them, the blisse of heauen too attaine,
And after this life, with in in hell, too liue euer with paine,
Ther deates therfore, of Sathan thin enemye,
And this detestable popson, conered ouer with honye,
Warely beware of, as moche as thou maye,
Least the same repent the, in vaine a nother daye,
When thy tyme peres, of discretion, and mans perfect state,
Shall clearlie perceau, all thoughe then to late,
Thy wytte, thy substance, members, and good name,
By a lytill wanton pleasure, consumed to remane,
Then shalt thou, as many other, ar wont too saie,
Oh youth, and lustye yeares, howe ar ye vamped awaye,
Howe euill haue I spente you, wretche that I am,
Whether are ye gone, oh vnforsunate man,
If god of his goodnes, wold estones restore,
The ioyfull iuuentute, I once had before,
If I might once I saue, the same againe obtaine,
I wold then tread, the right pathe, of vertue soo plaine,
Although the same were, neuer so narowe a waye,
I wolde therein walke, and continue night and daye,
That there is no thing like vertue, I finde nowe full true,
No; to it, too bee compared, this alas ofte doo I rue,

which

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

Whiche euer continueth, and allwaye doth endure,
Being to man, suche worthy prayse, & honoz as is sure,
She increaseth thy riches, and thy lyfe doth preserve,
Yea after death, she abiding, away wyl not swarne,
But I of all other, thinke my selfe most unhappye,
Who by flatteringe voluptuousnes, was deceaued wylfullye,
Which sliding away, longe since hath leste me,
Wrapped in al my mischieses, and wofull miserye,
For I bringe a younge man, the strewes dyd frequente,
And in bancketinge, slepe, and play, my tyme polye spente,
Nothing then woulde I learne, all study I despised,
Abhorring in good science, to be exercised,
But nowe therfore (wch worth the tyme) I well see,
My selfe bothe vnlearned, and no lesse disdamed to be,
In pouertie also, and my whole body bzyled,
My wittes altogether dulled, and my senses confused,
I haue hither to liued, as one who hath dreamed,
Him selfe to be awake, and yet was deceaued,
Suche thinges (sonne) of some men, we are wonte for to here,
That are farre stricken in age, and to their graue draw nere.
Which callnge to remembraunce, their lustye yeares past,
Do now (but to late) bewaile their miserye at the last,
Then shutting the stable doze, when hoxses there be none,
And now waring wise, when blinde fortune is gone,
Then sekng a Surgion to heale their rancled soze,
When there is no hope of cure, in the same any moze,
My sonne, therfore take tyme, whyle thou maye,
For it neuer retourneth, yf it once banishe awaye,
Neither waylinge, wyl helpe, nor wepyng then reinedye,
Yf the body be once stricken, with deathes dart deadlye.
The medicine is profitable, whicif one doe save,
That in time is ministred, not slackng any dave,
Wherfore when thyne youth, first to flozyshe doth begynne,
Then thee behoueth vertue to embrace, and fle from synne,
Then oughtest thou to take, the ryght pathe of luyngge,
To good and honest studyes, thy selfe holly applyngge,
Then vse thou reason, and gonerue by counsaile thy mynde,
While the same is pliaunte, every waye to wynde,
Whoso wolbe wylse, let him be wylse whyle he maye,
For to be wise a dave after the laye, is folyshnes I saye,
And therfore he is wozthy, hys miserye to sustayne,

Be

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Wherof the losse, is neuer to be recovered agayne,

And touching this worlde, vnderstande plainely,
That the same is vearie short, and transitorie,
And the hole lyfe of man, wherof we do runne,
In comparison to the eternite, of the worlde is come,
The truth wherof, to be truly declared,

To one momente of tyme, is not to be compared,
And touching the myserye, of the worlde I saye,

He is happier that is gone, then here farre awaye,
For marke I pray the, howe infancy cometh oute,

Of his mothers wombe naked, without any clothe,
And the first thinge he then doth, is weeping with teares,
Because the miserie of this worlde, as I thinke he feares,
As I mighte it lyken, to some marchaunt man,
Whiche on some perrellous byge, his waye must take than,
And fearing both drownyng, strats, and shipwake,
Tremblinge, so dangerous a iourney to take,

Euen so, nature teacheth, the infante plainely,
That he then entreteth, into the vale of myserie,

All other beastes, that nature bringeth forth,

To their daimes tye, runne straight with open mouthe,
But man, as soone as euer he is borne,

If the mother, clothe, and fede him not, he is forlorne,
After Infancie, howe longe it is,

Wherof perceuraunce creppeth, in that litell brest of his,
Childhode cometh after, wherof neyther of them both,

Can by reason rule them selves, be they lese or loth,
Then what greife, trouble, feare, and payne,

Suffreth the chylde, as he to iuuentute doth attayne,
Then ignoraunce fraill youth, begynneth to arise,

Whiche leaueth reason, and comonly is ruled by tyme,
His strength encreasinge, he putteth away feare,

Good warninges, and preceptes, he will then no more heare,
Then wareth he wilde, his younge blood beinge warme,

Genen to Ire, and Luste, which both breng much harme,
Good counsell he refuseth, and is then rather in all thinge,

To the euill entyched, the good euer extingue,

No perel he doubte, no danger he doth refraine,
So that his frail lufe, he may by any meane obtaine,

No lawe he then seareth, if there be a cope in his braine,

A.i. Actus

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

Few younge men in that age, from vice can abstaine,
Whom either thamefastnes, feare, or wisdom, doth constrain,
By no spotte of vice, their youth so to staine,
Then cometh mans state, graue and sage,
By experience, and wisdom, he is taught in this age.
Then vnsounde are his sleepes, he labourerth with paine,
The liuinge of him selfe, and his house to sustaine,
He gathered together, in that state of life,
In age to kepe him, his samelie and wife,
Onelle caringe so; them all, both to cloth and fede,
Spendinge this his best age, with miserie in dede,
And then weareye rude age, on man fast creepeth,
Stealinge vpon him, whether he waketh or sleepeth,
Bringinge many discommodities, both of minde, and bodie,
His strength taketh his leaue, his freshe colour will not tarpe
His senses thyncke awaye, his sight wareth dyme,
His hearinge dullerh, and his smellinge leaueth hime,
Further he is alwaies bered, with one or other disease,
No meate him then saourith, al thinge him displease,
Withoute aide of a case, his legges him then sale,
His witte is then gone, his body thyncketh, waxing pale,
This euery age, hath his infirmitie, we see,
Which of force, we are forced, to suffer patientlie,
Which last age, will not leaue him, til he hath broughte,
Man to his graue, where he consumeth to noughte,

I **L** **E** **T** passe, of all other comon perilles to tell,
With which man is besieged, while he here doth dwell,
Wherewith a mans life, is so greatly environed,
That it is seldome, or neuer, but by some of them deuoured,
Nowe vehemente colde, with Ipe snowe greues vs,
Then hotte burninge heate, to vs are molestouse,
Therremittie, whereof, as is ofte scene,
Causes the ground, wyde open, some lioute to obtaine,
Sometyme we are noyed, by so greates wete, and raine,
That it ouerfloweth, hole contries we se plaine,
Hunger, thirst, and also much penurie,
With the wantyng, of necessarie thinges to occupie,
Who can declare, in miter, or in prose,
The greate and manyfolde, number of those,
Diseases, and sickeneses, of euery kinde,

wher

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Whiche killeth daylie our bodies, and verich our minde,
By battel, and warfaire, some men are confounded,
In the seas, and other waters, many men, are drowned,
Other some, by fallinge, catch theyr bane,
Or els by crushing, their members, are made lame,
Some men, cruell fyre, to althes doth consume,
Many ar choked, and cruell beastes killeth some,
What shal I recte, howe in earth, the lining manne,
Hath no greater enemy, then the sede wherof he came,
Of that sede, springeth, al theues, and robbers,
All murderers, periured, and false witnessse bearers,
Fornicators also, and vile, adulterers,
And of mankinde discrede, al wicked doers,
This ma with his weapon, another with his tongue me do kille,
The most parte, by fraude, and deceate, woorketh ille,
Doyde, all men, almoost nowe take delite,
At other mens harmes, suche is their spite,
The brother, the naturall brother, doth mistrust,
The amitie, of frendes, nowe lieth in the dust,
The father, his sonne, and the husband his wife,
Eche suspecte other, here is a goodly lyfe,
Nowe sonne, I haue told the, aswell as I can,
The perels, that doo compasse, the life of man,
Wherfore thou maiest not, this wo:ld delie pleasure vse
Except thou intende, eternell life to refuse,
And the tyme beary short, that thou here shalt remaine,
The trueth wherof, I can well declare plaine,
For all though that I am, nowe fowre score yere olde,
Yet the bedroll of my lyfe, when I do vnfolde,
I do nowe wel ponder, and perceauie in this case,
The same to haue ben, but a beary litil space,
And yet to liue myne age, of a hunderith I knowe,
Dns halt thou not finde, though thou sought them on a roide
Good father sayde I, I thinke you saye true,
For I haue scene beary fewe, of chage of youe,
Nowe (quod he) I haue taughte you, sufficientlie to knowe,
First God, your selfe, and the wo:ld, I trowe,
And because quietlie, your lyfe you wolde leade,
In the feare, and loue, of God, as ye saide,
I coulde wishe, you shoud prudentlie prouyde,
Of some good stocke, a wisht with you to abyde,

A pleasaunte Pathe waye

By whome, ye shal, many comodities possesse,
More then I can, at this tyme, expresse,
For your wife, shall leaue, both father and mother,
To sticke to you onely, and to none other,
By owne kinred, and frendes both she leaue,
Dayelle, duringe hit lyfe, to you for to cleaue,
By hit, shall ye haue, fruite of your owne seide
Whiche shal kepe you in remembraunce, whē tyme ye are dede,
Whedient, she wil be, and a succour alwayes,
And a ioyfull ioye also, to p[ro]longe your dayes,
Eche good thinge, shal be comon, euer you betwene,
Your gaires, shal be one, your lyuinges to sustaine,
Further, yf age, or sickness, shal greue you hereafter,
She wil be a contynuall, and faithfull helper,
By assistinge, minist[er]yng, and watchyng, you also,
Comfortyng, and releuyng you, with the best she can do,
And then youre children, which hereafter may florish,
Will do theyr indour, you gladelly to cherishe,
In whom ye shal yet lyue, when life is gone cleane,
And your name still on lyue, by them shal remane,
Further, to them shal ye leue, your goodes bring gatte,
And not vnto straunge heires, which ye knowe not,
Besides this, your wife, with hit somewhat wil bringe
Toward the maintenaunce, of your and her lyuinge,
Both frendes, and kinsefolke, by hit wil arise,
Whiche maye be to thee p[ro]sptable, in sondre wise,
Wherfore, a wife you must haue, ther is none other naye,
Yf ye meane quietlie, and godlye to liue another daye,
Good father (quod I) me thinke ye saye well,
But of one thinge, I wolde gladlie heare tell,
Whiche waye were best, by your consyderacyon,
Howe I myght, haue one, of an honest conuersation,
Maye younge man (quod he) there lyeth al the matter,
In the wittie wisdom, of him that choseth hyr,
For I wold not haue the, therin to be begyde,
As I was once nere, when I was younge and wylde,
Whiche if it were not, for lacke of tyme, and space,
Thou shouldest plainelis heare, my folly in this case,
I pray you (quod I) take the paines to declare it,
And for lacke of tyme, and space, do not spare it,
Say not so (quod he) for we are now, nere to the f[or]mers place
v[er]y

leadinge to an honest lyfe.

Whith whome I entende, to comen a litell space,
Touchinge, my busynesse, wherfore I hether came,
Which beinge once finished, yf thou wilt thane,
Beare me companie homeward, in the waye,
I will declare, al the rest, I haue yet to saye,
To the which, I answered, that I wold beary galdys
So that he wold, dispatch his matters quychelle.

Here endeth the first parte.

None, we spied, the sermour, at his gate standinge,
Who as soone, as he, perceaued vs comminge,
Gentillie, saluted vs, callinge hym by hys name,
And we did likewise gretehl, with tranches for the same,
Whith whome this aged man, hauinge a while walked,
And concerning his errande, had with him fully talked,
The sermour had vs in, where we had good cheare
And carped the mountenaunce, of halfe an houre,
Then toke we our leaue, of the sermore,
And so streight wayes departed, from him there,
And when we were homewarde, a prettie waye,
To the saide olde man, I began thus to saye,
Nowe sire, and it please you, in your tale to procede,
I am morch desirous, to here thende in dede,
Well said, sonne (quod he) then giue diligente care,
When I was of thage, of two and twentie yeare,
Mearly lustie I was, and pleasaunte withall,
To singe, daunce, and playe at the ball,
To runne, to wraastle, to cast the axeltre or barre,
Either with hande, or soote, I coulde cast it as farre,
And all other seates, as nimble doo,
As any in the towne, I dwelled in thoo
Fyne, seate, neate, proper and small,
I was then, though I saye it, and saire withall,
It appeareth no lesse (quod I) for you beare your age seare,
Well, let passe (quod he) surche then was my cheare,
And besides all this, I coulde then synelie playe,
On the harpe, moche better, then nowe saire a waye,
By which my minstrellie, and my saire speache, and spozte,
All the maydes in the paryshe, to me did reasozte,
Eche loued, lustie Letwes, so; so they me named,

Apleasaunte Pathe waye

Not one of them all, my companie restrayned,
Wary the clerke I was then, of the towaer there,
To helpe the priest to masse, and sing in the quere,
With such liuinge as I had, I lyued without care,
Wylfe nor child had I none, for whom I should spare,
A neighbour ther was, a beary honest man,
Dwellinge within the same, our parish than,
Whiche a daughter had that in betwix did excell,
And as then me thoughte, above all other bare the bell,
Of meane stature she was, and thereto well made,
Chearefull in countenance, and a good fauour hade,
A smilinge smoth loke, with a wanton Eye,
She was the amiablest damasell, that euer I did see,
A fine tongue she also had, and hir wordes could well place,
And in hir communicacion, a beary singuler grace,
Modeste, demure, and sadde she appeared,
And neuerthelesse samplier, ynoughe, as the tyme requyred,
In hir apparrell trymme, which was euer moze white,
To haue seen hir on the holpe daye, was a goodlie sighte,
So womanlie was hir pace, in hir gestur to and froo,
Upright as a bolte, and lyke one stringe did she goo,
This maide was come home, but late from the citie,
Where she had serued, yeaes two or thre,
The first tyme I sawe hir, was on a holpe daye at noone,
Goinge homeward fro the church, when seruice was doone,
Whose wanton, well fauoured fairnes, so caught me,
That earnestlye to loue hir, lightlye she brought me,
By whom, I was then stryken, with such a beament pange,
That the holie water bucket, from me straight I flange,
And great haste I made, running swiftlye after,
Because I wolde, so gladlie ouertake hir,
At last I ouertooke hir, but with moch a doo,
Then she me saluted, and I hir also,
Hir sister went with hir, who bad me welcome,
Sayinge, whether in such haste, good Letwes, do you come.
In sayth (quod I) since you desyre, to knowe,
To a neighbours house, who dwelleth here by lowe,
The haste that I made, was for your companie,
And to knowe what faire mayde, this is truelie,
Mary (quod she) she is none other,
But myne owne sister, borne of father and mother,

And

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

And sister Grace (quod she) I pray you, of him acquaintice take,
For with his melodie, he doth vs often, mery make,
I tell you Grace (quod she) he is an honest man,
And on his minion harpe, full well playe he can,
To the which, this Grace, answered, beary sadlye,
And I wold be acquainted, with him beary gladlye,
And this passed furth, they were nere at home,
So then takinge my leaue, I parted them frome,
And this, was the first time, of our gretinge,
Which was to me, an unhappie metinge,
As ye shall plainlie, here after well perceaue.
Befoze the crueltie, of cruell Cupido, did me leaue,
Backwarde I went, where my dinner was dighte,
And still by the waye, my harte full soze fighete,
When home I was come, to dinner I was sette,
My hert was full heauie, no meate coulde I eate,
After dymner done, on my bed I dyd lie,
Morch musing with my selfe, what thinge it might bee,
That so soudanlie had stricken, my harte with lock woo,
And so soone had giuen, my wirth, and pleasure, me froe,
No waye, coulde my witte, by wisdoms deuyse,
Howe this sadnesse, and thought, on me should aryse,
Except it weare, by beholding the maide,
Whose belvie, and sauour, was euer in my heade,
To haue slept faine I wold, but it wold not bee,
Yet at the last, a shorte slomber tooke mee,
In which slomber, also my thought I dyd see,
The damselfell, whose fayrenesse, befoze so perced mee,
Euen song tyme came, by then did I ryle,
And went to the church, to heare the seruice,
My loue, &c euen song came not, as I thought that she wolde,
Therefore was I lozie, my harte was full colde,
At supper, no thinge coulde I eate, then thought I beste,
In time conuenient, to hve me to my neste,
No rest coulde I take, my slepe was cleane gone,
My harte was full heauie, and colde as a stone.
The moyning then came, when gone was the night,
The ayre was cleare, the sunne shyned byghte,
Abrode I then walched, the birdes soz to heare,
Where a frende of myne, met me and aied, what cheare,
Trulpe (quod I) I am now eceedinge faine

Pet.

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

Yet knowe I not the cause, which my harte doth so raynte,
God amend you (quod he) and so went his waye,
This in miserable case, I passed that daye,
And many a daye moze, till the ringe tyme came,
Hir sacher thearinge thepe, to his feast had me thane,
Glade was Lewes, tho, thinckinge then shall I speake,
At leasure, with my loue, and my minde, to hy; breake,
Than shall he knowe, the wo, and the smarte,
The heauenesse, and sozowe, of my wofull harte,
The restles nightes, and vnquiet dayes,
The beaue thoughts, which troubloush me alwaies,
I will also then, yf that I dare,
The botome, of my minde, to hie declare,
Then said I softly to my selfe, God lende me,
A conueniente tyme, and that he wil sende me,
To obtaine at hir handes, suche sauour and grace,
That my humble requeste, maye be heard, and take place,
Whar neede lenger processe, the thepe thearinge daye,
That I so longe looked for, at last came I saie,
To hir fathers house I came, as they were at dyner,
Hee had me hartelie welcome, and in the best maner,
To the table was I sette, dowayne on the benche,
Where I might se, ful mine eyes, on y wellsauored welche;
Who there serued the table, as then was the gyse,
And surelie she wayped in moost womanlie wise,
Whiche she wel could do, so; as I said befoze,
In the cytie had she bene, of good maner to learne soze.
Tittell meate could I eare, which was noed well than,
By the maydes mother, and also by hir good man,
Whar cheare good Lewes, tell me she saide,
Ye looke beary sadlie, as one halfe dismaide,
Whar man quod she, where is your mirth become,
Me thinckes ye muse, on the man in the mone,
Be mery I pray; you, and therewith she me herued,
But my harte was hollie, on the maide that serued,
And afterward, when dyner was done
And the geastes departing, awaye euerych one,
I also hauinge rendered them, thanckes for my cheare,
Went homeward, with the companie, that were going there,
Bringe both of my purpose, that I came for vnspete,
And also wourde at ease, both in my her t and beaue heade,
Then

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Then, indamed was my loue, and grewe more and more,
Whiche was but a litel, kendeled befoze,
The maladye, which befoze, might in tyme, haue ben healed,
Was now incurable, and that well I sealed,
My harpe, which was wonte, so sweetelie to sounde,
Lay now vntouched, for me on the grounde,
My heart, which befoze, many folkes, did reioyce,
Began cleane to tourne, and herte waied my voise,
My colour, which in tymes past, so lyuelle did appeare,
Was bated awaye, and chaunged his cheare,
My legges, whiche were sometyme, nymble to daunce,
Was shonken cleane, by this unhappye chaunce,
I was nere a consumption, all strength was gon,
So holpe was I altered, that I was scarce knownen,
At last I considered, the best waye to procede,
If I thoughte, by her helpe, to be cured in dede,
Was, that she shoulde, vnderstande shoulde,
My woe, and dytresse, and then yf she woulde,
Of ppyte, and clemencie, relieue my great payne,
This waye, to be the best, I thought sure, and playne,
For Whisicions, do not vse, to minister remedy,
Befoze, they are instructed, in their patients maladye,
So it fell, in a moynynge not longe after,
That I chaunced, to walke, throughte the common pasture,
Where the milche kyne, of the towne, the daye tyme byd fede,
And all the maydens, in the parke, did mylke in that stede,
Amongest whome, Graces sister, was one there,
And therefore, I mynded, to banyshe all feare,
And so to make open, and breake hollie to her,
The full case, and effecte, of all this hole mattier,
But fyrste, certayne wordes, a facre of to proue hir,
I would cast out, to see, how this case, would moue hir,
And howe she would take it, ere I meant to declare,
And vpon the lpyng, of hir aunswere, not for to spare,
Thus drawynge nere, I had hir good morowe,
What gentyl Letwes (quod she) God kepe you from sorowe,
Howe do you, what wynde dryue you hether,
This moynynge so earlye, and I praye you whether,
Are ye thus walkynge, youre selfe all alone,
I thincke suerlye, ye haue some pretye one,
That causeth you, daylye, to this place to come.

D.i.

well

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

Well wanton, well, though not all, yet I knowe some,
Tolken Iohan (quod I) so, so was hir name,
In iudgyng anye, ye are greatly to blame,
For yf I for loue, realoys, to any in this place,
It is trulpe, to you, or to your syster Grace,
For surely, you two, of beuotie beare the soure,
This iudgement, must I geue, though I dye, win an houre,
No Letwes (quod she) then ye iudge not well,
For there be maydes, a great many that vs do excell,
Yet for the gentylnes, I haue alwayes sene,
And the honest behanioure, that continually hath bene,
In you heretofore, I thinke you worthy to obayne,
As good, and as fayre, as any in this partye dothe remaine,
Yea, and though she were, myne owne dere syster,
I woulde thinke hir, well bestowed, yf ye had her,
I thanke you saye Iohn (quod I) that it dothe you please,
Unto my helpe, me so louynge to prayse,
And yf God my selfe, any whyle wyl preserue,
Your gentle hynderes, I trust to deserue,
And therewith, as it were myngre, a preyte whyle I shapen,
No hat Letwes (quod she) me thinks ye are as one dysmaied,
Wheron so stude you, a peny for your thoughte,
In saye quod I, if ye knowe it, yet were it worth naught,
My thinke quod she, ye are chaunged in every case,
What, hath any mayde, rauyned your hart, from his place,
Tel me (she sayd) and my best counsaile ye shall haue,
No it is all that I can do as God my soule saue,
Oh (quod I) my harte is wrapte full of woe,
Yet haue I no faythfull frende, it to shewe;
I shal tel you Letwes (quod she) what so euer ye saye,
To me, thinke it sure, vnder locke, and keye,
For euer herynge it, by me spoken agayne,
Excepte the same be, for your profyte playne,
We shall heare the same, in fewe wordes playnlye,
So it is, that, that saye swete blossom, your syster Grace,
Hath holly, my loue, and harte, in suche case,
That neyther wandrynge, nor walkynge, whether so euer I go,
Neyther playnynge, nor workynge, what so euer I do,
Neyther wakynge, nor watchynge, any tyme, or space,
Neyther restynge, nor sleppynge, in any maner place,

But

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

But at all tymes, and euermore continuallye,
His amiable countenance, resteth in my mynde daylye,
No pleasure, me pleaseth, my mirth is abated,
No ioyes, my delyte, my lyfelynesse is abated,
No musycke, me reioyseth, theyr soundes, are briswete,
No pastymes, I passe on, as at this tyme brynnete,
No worke, is well wrought, now vnder my handes,
Nor I am nothing, as I was, before I entered lous bādes,
So that I well knowe, I am lyke to suffrayne,
Deathes darte, very shortly, if I do not obtayne,
The rather, his lōe who now hath the measure,
Me to slaye or reuyue euen at his owne pleasure,
Whiche I would the god shortly for the ease of my payne,
By the darte of cruel death denoynge me cleane,
Nowe haue ye heard all quod I, and more as I saye,
Then euer to any other I tolde before this daye,
Wherin I shal desyre you to playe an honest parte,
For the speedy quietynge of my poore wretched harte,
Marie (quod Iohan) now I perceaue very well,
Of your sadness, and sorowe, there is no mervel,
That hath such an impossible brydnyng in your brest,
Whiche worketh you wourthely full waywarde rest,
No wonder it is though ye loke wan and pale,
For lōe hath made you drinke a draught of sower ale,
I take you neuer so tender, so soone to be caughte,
With the lovely lynes of lōe which are so quickly wrought,
Ye were wont before this tyme alwayes to saye,
That they were very fooles that so lōe did obaye,
And that it was impossible any wyse man to be,
So earnestly set in lōe in any degree,
But that when he would allowes, well he myghte,
Full easely put the same out of his heade quite,
But now ye are caught in the same nette,
Whiche in tymes past ye greatly did neglecte,
When ye sawe any lōer, ye laughed him to scorn,
But lōe hath now brought you to schole to learne,
And suerly quod he, so deme in myne entent,
Ye haue wourthely of lōe deserved this punishment,
Wel quod I, to a man that is fālen in mysery and woo,
Good comforte behoueth, and not chydynge soo,
My faulte I confesse, what nedeth more,

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

I desyre your good counsaile for curynge of my sye,
Whiche waye I maye best by your good aduise,
Atcheue this so doubtfull and daungerous enterprise,
Well I wote (quod Johan) now that I knowe,
Whar woman she is that worketh you this woo,
Let me alone, I wyll fynde mone this matter,
Done at nyght in bed, I wyll earnestly at hir,
As ye shall perceaue here by this tyme to morowe,
Other ease or increase of all your hole sorowe,
Therefore in the meane tyme, be of good cheare,
And I wyll diligently worke in your cause I sweare,
Wherof I thanked her, sayinge gladly I woulde,
Whir gentylmes consyder, yf euer I coulde,
And haupinge once kist hir, I toke my leaue thence,
This departinge from hir, whome towards I came,
The morowe nexte after, I came estewards to the same place,
To heare yf I wote lyke to obtayne any grace,
Johan was not then come, I stayed a lytle whyle,
At last not farre thence I sawe hir commynge over a hyle,
With hir pail in hir hande, then I went hir to mete,
And gentyllie saluted hir, she did lyke wyse me grete,
Eythir deary and double sorow (quod I Johan) do you byynge,
Whiche lyfe to reupue me whiche am nowe dyynge,
Neyther of them bothe (quod she) but hope haue I broughte,
Thereby partly to fede and relieue your heauye thoughte,
Then saye on (quod I) and nomore tyme waste,
That happy hope to heare I gladly make haste,
Yfter nyghte beyng bothe (quod she) in our bed layd,
I tourned me towarde my syster, and euen thus I sayde,
Oh Johan (quod I) I then wyshed me in your place,
To haue declared my selfe to hir my hole case,
Your wythe was but wythe (quod she) but harke what I tell,
I aied Grace how she dyd, and she sayde very well,
Nowe so euer you do (quod I) lye nowe at your ease,
I knowe other some are as yll at ease,
Whiche for you and for your sake to be playne,
Muche mysery, myschiese and care do sustayne,
Whiche greueth me muche, for synce the worlde began,
God neuer created a more honest man,
And he is lyke for your loue as far as I can gette,
Shortely to dye, such is his deadlye distresse,

leadinge to an honest lyfe.

For my loue (syſter Johan) quod Grace to me then,
In this partyſhe I am as yet known of very ſeue men,
And ſeuer do I knowe, then howe maye it be,
That any man is veyed ſo for loue of me,
Who is it I praye you, once name hym to me,
And then yf I knowe hym, I wyll tell you quod he,
Say ſyſter Grace (quod I) that ſhal not be,
Beſoze ſyſte ſome promyſe ye make vnto me,
That ye ſhall not at the ſyſte kyl his harte cleane,
By geuynge hym a naye, or by any other meane,
Of unkyndenes on youre behalfs, but ye ſhall yf ye can,
Graunte hym youre loue, beſoze an other man,
For I wyll aſſure you yf ye perfectly knowe,
His good gentle behauioure boche honeſt and true,
Whiche is ſo pleaſaunte a parſon to ſynge and to daunce,
And is ſkylled in instrumentes for youre paſſaunce,
So well can ſhote, weſterl, and leape ſo lycht,
So handſome a man in euery mans ſyght,
And beſydes this moze ſozowe hath ſuſtayned,
For youre ſake, and is alſo ſo cruelly payned,
That deathe to hym were a greate deale ſweater,
Then to lyue as he doth he thynketh it muche better,
And yf in youre defaulte ye ſhoulde ſuffer hym to dye,
For lacke of youre loue what proſyte therby,
Shoulde ye receaue, nay rather ye myght name you,
A murderer I ſaye whiche would greatly ſhame you,
And whome ſhoulde ye kyl no enemy pardye,
But a moost true louer who loueth you hartelye,
Well (quod my ſyſter) to loue hym ye ſhall pardon me,
For I wyll do nothyng in that matter trulye,
But this promyſe to graunte to you I am contente,
At the ſyſte tyme no naye he ſhall haue I contente,
Therefore tell me hys name wythout any delaye,
And then ye ſhall heare what I wyll further ſaye,
It is (quod I) Leues the clearche of the towne,
Who for youre ſake in myſery is toſſed vp and downe,
Why ſyſter Johan than ſayde he vnto me,
I thoughte ye would not of all other ſuerlye,
Haue moued me to this lychtnes I ſaye,
But rather haue perſwaded me if I had bene bent that waye,
Why Grace (quod I) I meane no diſhoneſtye,

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

For he would haue you to be his wyfe very gladye,
So muche the moze quod she, it is to be bozne,
But I tell you nowe as I tolde you before,
I wyl as yet, neyther loue hym, nor any other,
By other perswasion of syster or brother,
Also ye might wel thincke, me very hasty syster Iohan,
If I should be a louer so soone as I come home,
And yf he loued me so earnestly as ye haue tolde,
To haue moued me him selfe before this tyme he would,
But he thought of his desyre hym selfe to be sure,
When you to be his broker he syster dyd procure,
And very late it is quod she, therefore fall to your rest,
And herewith medle no moze in earnest or test,
Not one worde moze quod Iohan, of hir get coulde I,
For to slepe she gaue hir where she slept by and by,
And thus haue I (Letwes) for you broken the matter,
It behoueth your selfe next to attempte her,
And spare not to speake, yf ye mynde for to speke,
Who trusteth to obtayne, must put away drede,
But suerly (Letwes) synce she now knoweth that she loued is,
She is not therof a lytle proude I wyll se,
Alasse sayde I then, I would I were deth,
Then should be at ease, bothe my hart, and myne heb,
Unlucky fortune I may it call,
Which forceth me to loue one amongst all,
Who neyther regardeth my woofull dytresse,
Neyther wyl counferte me by any word of kyndnesse,
Well quod Iohan, it may be that she wyl heare,
Your selfe muche better then me a messengere,
And hether to morowe thal she come to myke in my fiede,
For I must raye at home to brye and bake brede,
And to speake to hir then ye nede not my counsaile,
For ye are wyse ynoughe to tell your owne tale,
And in the meane whyle ye shalbe sure,
I wyl do my best your way to procure,
Thus parted we then withut wordes any moo,
I to the churche, and she homeward byd goo,
The next moze ynge come which I thought very large,
And ro incruayle, for my payne was so stronge,
Then to the common pasture I tyme me byed.
Where my chely hartes luste on mylkyng I spied,
I mended

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

I mended my pace, and at the laste to hir came,
I had her good moztowe, she said welcome yonge man,
Howe do you said I, myne owne swete harte,
Your loue hath caused me with much sorow to smarte,
So depely is engraued in me the betwty of your face,
Your pleasaunt tonge, & behauiour myne owne loue Grace,
The seature, the propernesse of youre body fyne,
And your lowely countenafice hath so perced myne yen,
That I am hollye yours, hollye in euery condicion,
To loue you, and serue you, with humble submission,
Abdyngne your pleasure, and wyll to sustayne,
So longe as lyfe withyn me shall remayne,
In consyderacion wherof I desyre to obtayne,
Nothynge but good loue, for true loue agayne,
Younge man quod she, I am sorz of your woo,
And muche moze sorpe that ye let youre mynde so,
As to me to heare such lone, and good wyll,
Wherin I feare your tyme ye shall spyll,
In hoppyng for a thyng ye cannot obtayne,
Which at length will byngne to you double payne,
And as for me I meane not yet to marpe,
I am younge ynoughe, I thanke God I can tarye,
And also I wyl, for ought I yet knowe,
Peres two or thre truly to shewe,
Neyther would I, ye should thincke I do not esteeme you,
For truly to iudge I can none otherwyle drine you,
But for youre behauioure, qualittes, and honestye,
Ye are worthy to haue one muche better then I,
Oh betwtyfull Grace (quod I) yf Grace wyll shewe any grace,
I pray you that it may appeare in this my heauy face,
And not to confounde me wyth suche a cruel nape,
Neyther so merples with your wordes me bitterly to slaye,
And suffer not thus pisse, and mercy to be banysed,
From a creature so sayre by God, formed, and fashioned,
Neyther denye not your name, in any tyme or place,
But accordynge to your name, shewe me some grace,
Sir (sayde she) what nede longer processe to make,
There semeth in you follye, suche heuynesse to take,
For me that am not nothe to mary dysposed,
Neyther to whome befoze this tyme your loue ye dysclofed,
In dede to you I tolde it not (said I) but your sylter I meued,
Wpseudome

Apleasaunte Pathe Waye

Wpsebbe wylleth men to go where they may best be relieved,
I durst not befoze (quod I) not knowynge how ye would take it,
Truly (quod she) eue as I do now I would haue cleane soz sake
And Lewes this follye to leane I could wythe you styll, (it,
By wyledome to be ruled and free from your wyll,
fynallye I desyre you to take it soz the best,
That I here not your sute, noz graunte your request,
Oh Grace (quod I) since it is your pleasure to spyl me,
I shal abyde youre mercy to saue me o: kyll me,
Poure harde harted harte I praye God once to mollesye,
Some compassion to graunte me befoze that I die,
And thus God be with you my loue moost unkynde,
farewell gentle Lewes (quod she) God alter your mynde,
And sende you to put away this fancey quietye,
Whiche hath brought you in this wofull myserye,
Thus away went I then halfe in dispayre,
My hearte greatly vexed betwene hope and feare,
Within two dayes after I met with hir syster Johan,
To whome I shewed and made my heauy mone,
Declarynge to hir al the wordes that were,
Betwene me and my loue Grace hir syster,
Well quod Johan I wythe that this next nyghte,
With your harpe ye holde your waye to oure house right,
And there vnderneath our chamber wyndowe,
In synngynge and playynge let hir heare what ye can do,
Pour melodie may cause her stobbourne harde harte,
To loue you parchaunce, it maye hir so conuerte,
And this maye ye easelye doo withoute any ylle,
For of bothe oure parentes ye haue the good wyll,
And thus geuyng Johan thankes soz hir counsaile so good,
Homewarde I hyed me, in haste by the roode,
My harpe soz to tune, and some dittie to make,
The whiche I myghte synge and playe soz hir sake,
The night at laste came, and when the clocke had runne nyne,
Thether I went with my harpe as I thought it was tyme,
Soz as the somer season required twyllight it was thane,
When to hir fathers house that I came,
A bedde were they all, no hurryng herde I,
My harpe oute of his case I pluckt by and by,
And strake by suddenly a very pretye rounde,
Whiche my harpe then newe stringed meryllye dyd so unde,
A nother

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Another dance or two, I then also played,
Whiche beyng once synghed, I sodenly steyed,
And this ballet hereafter I began for to synge,
My harpe bare the note, which merely did ryng,

O my loue Grace,
Your beutyfull face,
Hath perced so my hert,
Your countenance mynde,
With your tonge so wel syde,
Is causer of all myne vnrrest,

Not Troilus of Troie,
By Cresside hys loye,
In loue was euer so let on syde,
Neyther Siramns the younge,
By the loue of Thisby so stronge,
Whiche burnte in suche hote desyre,

Neyther Hercules the myghtye,
By Dianiras betwye,
Was at any tyme so ouercome,
Neyther Sampson the stronge,
Whiche loue was so wronge,
Of Dalida the wicked woman

Neyther that wofull Wido,
Eneas loued so,
As I do now loue you hartely,
For in good saythe,
It wyl be my deathe,
Excepte ye extende your mercy,

And when this ballet was fully ended,
My comferte was nether the more amended
For no aunswere at all would she to me saye,
Yet without any whit playinge a while did I staye,
At last hir father bad me good nyghte,
So did hir mother and hir syster full ryghte,
And gaue me hartly thankes for that my payne,
But no farewell of Grace coude I obtayne,
E. i.

Then

A pleasaunte Pathe waye

Then home straghte I wente full sadlye agayne,
Wher I languished all that nyghte, in terryble payne,
And thus continued by the space of a moneth,
And then one of oure neyghbours to me straighte cometh,
And of hys owne good wyll brimmed there,
Offered to me his onely daughter and heire,
Whiche in good lande after hym shoulde spende,
Fyue markes by the yere vntyl hir lyues ende,
And the damsell was also indifferente saye,
And sure a good huswylfe as after tyd appeare,
After thanks for hys good wyll, I then to hym sayde,
My mynde he shoulde knowe vpon the syghte of the mayde,
What wyll ye moze, she lyked me well,
And was contented to take me wherby it fell,
That shortly after married we were,
And haue louyngely lyued hitherto together,
And haue nere runne oute oure course as ye shall lyke wyse do,
If God graunte you space to lyue thereunto,
Suerly it appeareth quod I, ye haue a good memozye,
Whiche can the tyme of youre yowthe declare so perfectlye,
And for this youre longe tale nowe I thanke you good father,
But for your loue Grace whose chance was to haue hir,
Marie quod he afterwarde within lesse then a yere,
She toke a scrupinge man agaynst hir frendes wyll there,
Betwene whome was nothyng but chydynge and stryfe,
Brawlyng and fyghtynge all her longe lyfe,
And beggers bothe they became at the laste,
She was an yll huswylfe, and he spent as faste,
So that they were compelled within yeres one or two,
Wanderynge a beggynge bothe for to goo,
Whiche greued me muche when they myserie I knewe,
And then somewhat I relieved them for myne olde loue true,
I & I haue I tolde thee (my sonne) for this entente,
Because thy follye hereafter thou myghtest preuent,
And not to loue one before hir maners thou do knowe,
But fyrste knowe hir, then loue hir, and so it wyll growe,
To berue good purpose, ende, and effecte,
And all other bayne hastye loue se thou neglette,
And when thou meanest a wyfe for to chuse,
My counsaile in this case se that thou vse,

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

Aske hir mothers maners learne yf thou can,
And hir fathers also whether he be an honest man,
For commonly the chyldren them selues do enclyne,
To theyr parentes condicions as straght as a lyne,
Further enqurye of the neyghbours dwellynge there aboute,
Of what honestie she is by the voyce of the route,
Or yf there be any honest woman dwellynge nere,
Sende hir closely thither, hir bothe to se and heare,
Whether she be saye, and of bodye cleane,
Or diseasyde or sickle by any maner of meane,
For (sonne) no man wyl bye horse, ore, cowe, or calfe,
Whiche wyl fynde be full sure they shalbe sounde and safe,
Muche moze circumspecte a man ought to be in choise of his
With whom he must liue all the dayes of his lyfe, (wyfe,
Who yf she be vncleane or infected with any kynde of dyscase,
All thy chyldren of nature shal haue the same sicknesse,
Also cause the same woman diligentlpe to knowe,
Yf she be falshe neyther can spyne nor sqwe,
For in these thynges I saye eche woman that is chaste,
Wyl exerceyse hir selfe, and no tyme ydellye waste,
For ydelnesse is the noysher of byces all,
And the same causeth the mynde in muche myschiese to fall,
This ydelnesse many welthy saye cities decapeth,
Fylthye luste, also ydelnes ever followeth,
Yf eyther chaste Demetellope or saye Lurette,
Had spent their tyme lyttinge at home in ydelnesse,
And not geuen them selues to weuyng, and spyngynge,
In their husbandes absence from the begynnynge,
Of a thousande woars whiche daylye to them came,
They shoulde suerly haue consented to some one man,
But touchynge the serche of hir lyfe and modestie,
These thynges thy selfe maiest muche better espye,
For all people nowe are waresn so hasty,
That fewe shal thou fynde whome thou maiest truste,
Yt is nowe the maner of many to deceaue and lye,
Fewe are there to be founde of credit worthe,
Therefore yf thou wylt haue thy purpose take effecte,
It behoneth the therein to be carefull and circumspecte,
And sonne, herein lyeth all poure marrynge and makynge,
Yf ye be not warely wyse in poure wyse takynge,
Conspderynge no small tyme ye together shal remaine,
2.ij.

But

A pleasaunte Pathewaye

But euen tyl death shal seporate the lyues of you twayne,
In all other cases rather, and hast is but follye,
But in this matter may it bring insollerable myserye,
Therfoze this choise of thy wyfe fyfte ponder wittelye,
That thou repent not hereafter when it is past al remedye,
But if it happen the as it dothe to many other moo,
That thy wyfe thou shalt mary perchaunce be a whyle,
Fyfte gentlye warne hir, and with lounge speche,
Do thy best hir to chasten, and mildely hir teache,
And often hir sauour by saye meanes to obtayne,
Embrace hir wth kysses to reconyle hir agayne,
Thus by gentlynesse yf thou can do thy best hir to tame,
Whiche yf it wyl not hir in nowyse reclayne,
Then sharper medecynes thou must put in vze,
By threates, feare, and chidyng to bring hir to thy lute,
Whiche yf she regarde not noz stande yet in awe,
The last helpe of all is that strokes must thin followe,
Nowe concerninge the conseruation of thy wyfes chastite,
I wyl not muche speake in that matter trulye,
But this may I saye, and I dare vndertake,
That oft a wyse man an honest woman dothe make,
I coulde heretix tell thee moze, but I wyl not now,
For I leaue the same hollye to the discretion of you,
Yet to learne this one lesson, I would haue the (good sonne,)
Neuer let thy fancie oz desyre after any other to ronne,
But in wedlocke be to hir as faithfull and true,
As the Turtel which neuer wil chasge hir make for a netwe,
For there is no one thinge thy wyfe wyl take moze greuoulye,
Noz any other thyng bereth hir spirites so belementlye,
Noz of nothyng desyeth she so soone to be reuenged,
As in that one poynte if hir husbände haue offended,
Then wareth she hote incensyd wth pye,
With dyspyte and malice then hir harte is on fyre,
In which their furiose rage some like the waye chan,
In lyke sorte (if they may) to decreane their good man,
Beleue me (sonne) fewe of them will kepe their honestie,
Yf their husbādes in suche wyse do lyue abrode bilsoulye,
Further thy chylzen hereafter see thou by byng,
In vertuous exerceyse and also good learnyng,
Teache them to feare God, and the to obaye,
And euer kepe them in obedience as muche as thou maye,

13
leadynge to an honest lyfe.

For they wyl euer ware holde as neede shall requyre,
But not allwayes so humble as thou wouldest desyre,
Therfore whyle they are younge and tender of yeres,
As bothe their helpe, and bndoyng, as it oft appereth,
Muche paynes muste thou take in godly instructyng theim,
If thou purpose they shal euer proue honest men,
Cause them al euell company to eschue continually,
For wike he cannot be that is conuersaunte with the vngodly,
One shepe haupng a peryllouse poche,
Of soyce muste infecte all the hole flocke,
Thy daughters allwayes with shamesfastnes byrere,
For it is the fairest flower all women can bere,
Let them neuer be ydle but allwayes doyng,
With the whele, the distaffe, or with the needle soloyng,
For the welfare of this sere standeth in their honestye,
Which when they are ydle, is then in most leperdy,
And at their ripe yeres do it not ouer syde,
Some honest husbundes for theim to prouyde,
Be not bitter (good sonne) to thy seruantes at any tyme,
Neither punyssh theim with rigoure for euery cryme,
There is a meane to be obserued in correccion I saye,
By whiche thou maiest cause them thee both to loue & obaye,
And althoughe fortune hath poynted the their mayster to be,
De myght lyketwyle haue made a seruante of the,
And what hereafter may fall no man knoweth his chaunce,
For the hole state of mans lyfe dependeth in ballaunce,
I haue knowen dyuerse men, bothe riche and welthy,
That afterwarde haue fallen in suche myserye,
That full sayne they haue bene to auoyde ylle beggerye,
By seruyce to lyue in great calamitie,
What we are & haue bene we knowe, but what after we shal be,
We are ignoraunte therof suche is oure vncertayntye,
In thy forste keepynge of house be not to sumptuousse,
Neyther in foode nor apparell to lactuiousse,
For at thy pleasure thou mayest the same alway amende,
When God aboundaunce of substaunce hereafter shall sende,
But it woulde be to thy shame, if thou shouldest aslake,
The syfte honnest porte thou diddest vpon the take,
Often call home thy neyghbours, but moste suche as are poore,
To dyne and suppe with the, let some of them be sure,
The Lorde thy table shall blisse the more,

E.iii

And

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

And for suche liberallitie he will encrease thy store,
Go not to lawe with them, nor be no extorcioner,
Finyshe their causes yf thou maist, and be no bearer,
In no mans matter but in all that thou canne,
Get quietnesse and conkozde betwene man and man,
But in wrangling matters be in no wise no medler,
Whiche myghte get the an yll name, and no man the better,
Further, yf thou fynde a man of an approued honestye,
That feareth God, and is geuen to good vertues hollye,
Of whome moste men saye well, for his good lypynge,
That is no duncharde, quarrelloure, nor delysteth in stryng,
But quyet sober, and learned in sapience,
Weynge of good iudgemente, and also of good experience,
This mans frendshipp seke buselye to obtayne,
For then a saythefull frende there is no greater gayne,
But er thou hys amitie earnestlye embrace,
Learne howe he hath bled hys other frendes in lyke case,
For suche as his behauioure hath bene to other moe,
Truste me (sonne) he wyl order the euen so,
And when thou once hast him thy frende vnsepyedly,
Then seke to continue in frendshipp dyllygentlye,
Let no lyght, dyspleasure, the same breake or deape,
But beare with hym rather in all that thou maye,
Of all treasure the chesest that God dothe in earthe sende,
Is a man to haue alwayes a sure and stedfast frende,
Furthermoze yf syknesse shall bere the or thyne,
He thou minister remedye to the same betympe,
Or euer the same do augment and encrease,
The soner shal it mende, and the grese be the lesse,
For lyke as fyre when it is fyrste begonne,
With a lyttel water wylbe quenched full soone,
But yf it be suffered to contynue styll,
And a whyle to burne euen at his owne wyl,
Then the flame wylbe raysed in suche a great rage,
That hole welles and conduictes can scace it aswage,
Euen so every malladye at the fyrste entraunce,
Maye be easely cured without great greuaunce,
This fyrste poynt of phisicke learne thou of me,
Yf the syknes be hote, colde, or moyste, & remedye must be rowe
If ouer much labour, and trauayle be the cause, (traye,
Then by ease, and rest from the same, thou must pause,
And

leadynge to an honest lyfe.

And yf the same come by ouer muche ease and rest,

Then exercyse and inoderate labour is best,

Yf it be by superfluite of drinke or meate,

Then abstinence is the best remedie thou can get,

And yf nede requyre a phisicion then call,

Or a surgion, but good diet is the best leche of all,

The surgion is nerte, for phisicions do kyll,

The moste part that put their truste thein vntyll,

for where by happe some one they do saue,

A hundred for hym they sende to theyr graue,

I **E** **S** **O** my sonne this laste pcepte thou muste learne,

Whiche diligently to obserue I the earnestlyt warne,

Be prepared alwayes, and euermore full redye,

Deathe to embrace where he striketh soudenlye,

Pea euen in his moost Lust and welchiest tyme,

Let the remembraunce of hym be still before thyne yene,

He assaileth men commonly when they thinke of hym lest,

Scarcelye inuadyng them in their moost quietnes and rest,

He draweth euer nerer with his inequitabie darte,

Wayle perceyng every age of man to the harte,

Howe often dothe death strike the younge lustye man,

And berpenech hym of hys best yeres we se nowe and than,

Oh howe great are the tranayles and payne,

That a man in this lyfe with payne dothe sustayne,

Howe shorte is our tyme and the same also so varyable,

That nothyng in this lyfe can be founde stable,

With what innumerable yelles are we beseged,

Whiche by this oure scaple nature can neuer be resped,

What are oure dayne pleasures wher in we so truste,

Euen popsoned with galle and cankered with ruste,

What are we o wretches but duste of the ayre,

As byttell as glasse seme it neuer so fayre,

Moste lyke to a shadowe in a sonnye daye,

Whiche when the cloudes are aloft sodenly banyshe awaye,

Lyke as a flower whiche flourisheth in the moornyng dew,

And at nyghte is withered and hath bade his hewe,

for thoughte we are now alpye, and lustye in every mans sight,

Fayre, amiable, pleasaunte, full of corage and myght,

Yet perchaunce er Opheabus hath once his course runne,

Deade carresses we may be and vyle meate for the worme,

What

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

What profiteth vs then our great sommes of monye,
Heaped together by extortion and byberye,
Golde, stones, Jewels, or implement most p[re]ciousse,
Landes, houses, or byllages, be they neuer so sumptuous,
Eyth[er] worship, honour, or lordely auctoritie,
Rule or dominion or worldely dignitie,
Whiche maketh many men so proude to looke ouer all,
As though they were to the goddes coequall,
Seinge death endeth althynge, and we t[ri]et[er]hes wyth mysery,
Lyke duste and shadowe consume so sodenly,
Seinge all oure pryde and glozy is so sone extinguyshed,
And oure tyme so quickly gone neuer to be recouered.
O lyfe so vayne so fugitiue and frayle,
Whome such a number of daungers and perilles do assaile;
O lyfe that arte so shorte, and vncertayne,
Most lyke vnto smoke, a man can the licken,
Nowe this man dyeth an other after hym,
I to daye perchaunce, and thou to morowe betyme,
So a lyttel, and a lytle, eche man dothe dye,
Euen lyke a butcher hauynge shepe and bestes many,
Of whiche some to daye he kylleth downe ryght,
And other some to morow in the morning, or at nyght,
The nexte daye other moo go to the blocke,
And so forth the tyll consumed be all the hole flocke,
Thus death dayly remember but feare not the same,
For of it selfe it is goodd and worthe no blame,
Deathe synneth all paynes, deathe endeth all care,
Deathe daungers dissolueth, and putteth away feare,
To the pooze, to the prisoner, and to the comfortlesse,
To the condemned, and to the miserable captiue in distresse,
To the bondeman, slaue, spoyled, and Lazar impotente,
To them that are on the racke, and in greuous tormente,
Deathe is imbarced and hartely welcome,
To such and many other of lyke state and condicton,
To good men, deathe neuer can come vnware,
Whiche euer against his comynge them selues do prepare,
Whose lyfe hath continued in ryghteousnesse,
And whiche haue remainyd in saythe, merry, and godlynesse,
To them no dysp[er]se is deathe but aduantage,
Althoughe it take them in theyr mooste souerayn age,
Thus yf thou be good receaue deathe gladlye,

leadyng to an honest lyfe.

For it is a passynge oute of this vale of myserie,
Then shalte thou render to the earth and agayne to hir fende,
Thy body whiche but for a tyme she did vnto the lende,
And if thou ponder with thy selfe in thy minde discretlye,
What damage or hurte can death do vnto the,
She spoyleth the of thy riches perchaunce thou wylt saye,
But then riches wantest thou none by no kynde of waite,
Nor any other thing els thy soule shall desyre,
But from pouertie to riches thou then seemest to aspyre,
For he of all other is the richest in dede,
Not that haeth monke but that settest thynges both nede,
To leaue thy wyfe, chylderne & frendes, is a miserable thinge,
Yea, but it wer much moze miserable to se the dis the lyminge,
And it wyl not be longe but they shall folowe the,
When the lord shall also call for them accordynglye,
And these worldly riches and pleasures are none of thine,
But lent to the as it weare for a litle tyme,
Naked comest thou hether and naked must thou hence go,
Therfore for terrestriall trilles sozowe not so,
This world is as it were a certayne great feast,
Wher vnto euery man is bidden as a geaste,
Wher for a while duringe the Lordes pleasure,
We haue the fruition of this bayne worldly treasure,
Upon this condicion that we be alwayes ready,
At his commandement to giue place and departe gladlye,
And to suffer other men that after vs shall come,
Of the same feast to receaue like fruition,
What twight wyl not willingly leaue this lothesome lyfe,
Whiche is so wicked discontentfull and so full of strife,
Wher no sayth, no pietie, nor any iustice,
Remaineth neither any quietnes or peare,
Wher all kinde of synnes euermoze do raigne,
Wher the brother is comonly the brothers bayne,
Wher the sonne ofte wissheth for his fathers shorte lyfe,
The woman hir husbande, and the husbande his wife,
Wher eche body catcheth & snatcheth what he can,
Beinge dissemblers and wourkers of fraude euery man,
That this worlde maie wourthelpe well be named,
A benne of chenes being with pillinge and polling enflamed,
Of luste and hoze dome what should I make mencion,
Wher to seth the hole earth is fylled with like abhominacion,
That

Apleasaunte Pathewaye

That chastitie is banished and virginitie defaced,
And y honorable sacrament of Matrimonie nothing regarded
In which wicked world be also ace of perills so many,
Of labors and sickness such a number and sondry,
Where fortune onely ruleth without all reason,
Wher no man of him self can be assured any season,
What good man will not now leane this world gladly,
Whiche is holpe compassed with such untollerable mysery,
Wherefore great folpe it is death for to feare,
Singe it endeth the myseries we sustayne here,
And conyder also that departynge from mortallite,
By death thou enterest into the region of eternitie,
Therefore my sonne let thy lyfe be godlye,
So shalte thou not stande in any feare to dye,
Fyeste in thy health, holpe set in good stape,
By wyl, al thy worldly affaires as nere as thou maye,
That in thy sickness thou be not with them troubled,
Nor thy mynde then from godlynesse by them encombered,
And every nyght before thou goest to thy rest,
To confesse to God thy synnes w hary repentaunce is best,
And humble aske mercy with hope vnfaignedly,
Departynge thy selfe then holly to dye,
And so thy soule to the Lorde mood humblye betake,
Which on the crosse suffered his passion for thy sake,
Thus shal not soden death vnzounded the synde,
If thou beare well this last lesson in thy mynde,
This my rude counsaile yf thou followe in every condicion,
As I trust thou wilt accordynge to myne expectacion,
Thou shalt well walke in the right pathe waye than,
Whiche as I erst sayde leadech to the lyfe of an honest man,
And now sonne my former promyse beynge performed & done,
To the place where we met we are now ekesones come,
I thanke you gentle father sayd I for your hollome counsaile,
I neuer herde tolde a more verteuouse tale,
I beseeche almyghty God to graunte me the grace,
The same to obserue in every poynte and case,
And the same Lorde of hys goodnes rewarde you gracionslye,
That hath taken suche paynes to enstruete me verteuouslye,
Fare well my good sonne quod he Christ be thy guyde,
And so departynge from hyin homeward I hyed,

